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California Souvenir

Occult and Other Poemettes.

By Alcione.

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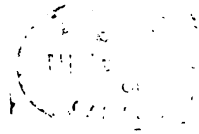

* * * "Of the truth that gold can never buy."—EDGAR A. POE.

James Park Little

California Souvenir Occult and Other Poemettes

BY "ALCIONE." Pseud

NATURE, PHILOSOPHY, PATRIOTISM, IMMORTALITY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Hail, California!	5
The American Soldier's Grave	6
The Old Violin's Story	7
A Stream in the Sierras	9
The Voice of the Rose	11
Astrology	12
Universal Brotherhood	14
The Dying Adept	15
My Southern Love	17
Thought Waves	18
Spirit Slate-writing	19
Psychometry	20
Heroes of Manila	21
St. Joseph Lily	22
Adepts of India	23
Divine Art of Music	24
Where Love Abides	25
Star of the Morning	25
To a Departed Spirit	27
Clairvoyance	27
Is Reincarnation True?	28
Sweet Peas	29
Cathode Ray	30
Spiritual Inspiration	30
Heroine of the Baldwin Theatre Fire	31
Lovers at Twilight	32
Aloha! Sister Hawaii!	33
Soldier-Boy's Reverie	34
Forgiveness	35
Old Oak Tree	36

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NOTE.

In composing these Souvenir Poemettes, the writer has endeavored to present ideas that will elevate, and be acceptable in the family circle, and if they serve to arouse any of the nobler impulses in the great brotherhood of humanity, their cardinal purpose will have been accomplished. Respectfully,

"ALCIONE."

173686

THE GOLDEN GATE, S. F.

The Hicks-Judd Co., Printers and Bookbinders, San Francisco.

Hail, California!

HAIL, California! bright gem by the Western sea,
Our song is not complete unless we sing of thee!
Thy vernal vales and mountains grand
That grace this farthest Western land
Charm every eye that may behold—
Their glory has not half been told!
Home of the coming race thou'lt be,
Sunniest State by Pacific sea—
Flow'r-clad, fruitful, a glorious State—
Where Nature's marvels are so great!

The American Soldier's Grave.

SPEAK softly—'tis a soldier's grave we near;
Some mother's son rests 'neath this humble mound—
All Nature mourns, for he was one so dear
Who for the nation his sweet life-blood gave!
The starry flag his noble form entwines;
No more *her* fond embrace his cold heart feels;
That mother's heart to God's decree resigns,
And on her life has Sorrow set his seals.
Ah! hero, resting in the dust so low—
Your duty nobly in the battle done—
Your fate has caused the bitter tears to flow,
But for th' oppress'd sweet liberty is won!

The Old Violin's Story.

MY HEART beats happy, for five score years to-day
My form has seen the light of day,
And through the long years I am safe, tho' now
The cold earth wraps my master's brow.
What various scenes I've gazed on, year by year!—
I've seen the happy wedding and the funeral bier;
I've felt the calm of life and seen its storm,
And lived thro' winters cold and summers warm.
My plaintive tones have cheered and charmed the soul
Of listeners passed to Lethe's goal;
Have teardrops drawn from many an eye;
Have moved hearts tender in ecstatic sigh.

E'en when at night my form was laid away,
The tones returned to listeners of the day,
And echoing to their hearts the strains they love,
Gave peace to life as from above!
A poor old man a listener was one day—
The melody was of a lost one, far away;
My soul was moved, for such an one had he—
A son who sailed, and lost was on the sea.
His heart was melting with those strains sublime,
Which to his spirit seemed almost divine,
For with them came a thought of long ago,
Ere his first-born had wander'd to and fro!

* * * *

Such are a tale or two of what I've seen
In my long journey through life's changing scene;

And if one heart I've soothed or happy made,
My echoing strings have not in vain been played!

A Stream in the Sierras.

[The writer crossed the Sierra Nevadas near Mount Whitney, ascending to a height of 12,000 feet, passing Heart Lake, Bullfrog Lake, and the Devil's Punchbowl—fed by innumerable beautiful streams—all being about this elevation. How inspiring these scenes are, only those who have visited them can know.]

FALLING water! falling water,
Making music all the day;
Never tiring, on your journey—
On your journey to the bay.

In the day-time, in the night-time,
Merry you your course pursue;
Never tiring, never tiring,
In your course 'neath skies of blue

Over mosses, over pebbles,
  Singing many a merry lay—
Little streamlet, ever sparkling,
  You are joyous all the way!

When the snowflakes, bright as crystal,
  Fall upon your shining breast,
You just shiver, little river—
  Then the snowflakes melt to rest.

When the birds, with downy wing-tips,
  Shake the spray in diamonds bright,
You just kiss the crystal raindrops,
  And speed on your way so bright.

On eternal, in scenes vernal,
  Streamlet, murmuring your way;
Sighing, singing, blessings bringing
  From Nature's heart to us each day.

The Big Trees, Santa Cruz.

The Tavern on Mount Tamalpais, Mill Valley Scenic Railway

Laughing water! laughing water!
Mirror of the stars at night,
Sun is setting!—we're forgetting
Time is flying on—good-night!

The Voice of the Rose.

THEY say I am beautiful—would you know why?
'Tis that I'm content with my destiny;
Happy to spread perfume in the air,
And bless every wand'rer who lingers near.
I'm free as the air that o'er you blows,
And have a heart, though I'm but a rose;
No evil in it does ever intrude—
For the soul of the rose is the soul of good.

Humanity, would ye be perfect as I ?
Be pure, be refined, as time passes by;
Your powers will be greater—happy you'll be,
From turbulent passions forever set free.

Astrology: or, Planetary Influence on Man

'TIS SAID that o'er each soul at birth
Presides a star whose aspects ever guide
The footsteps of that one on earth
Who 'neath its influence may abide.
This would seem true when life we scan,
And note events upon our way—
That star influence is strong on man,
And good or ill shines in their ray.

How strange it is that star by star
Affects us different from afar—
The sensitive affirm they feel
The planets' forces o'er them steal;
That Venus throws a gentle ray,
And Mars with fiery force does sway;
That Mercury, swift and sparkling, gives
His fleet power to one who lives
Beneath his sign ;—while Jupiter
A noble mind will e'er confer;
Uranus, distant giant orb, is seen
To give a spiritual mind serene;
Saturn evolves intellectual pride,
Which circumstances oft' may hide.
Those born in the Moon's soft ray,
Sensitive, changeable, tender they;
The happy souls born 'neath the Sun
Are full of jovial health, each one.
And yet each star-influence depends

On change of "signs", which never ends,
For all planets, near or far away,
In separate circles move each day,
So one star in favored sign may be,
While another moves where care may be.

'Tis said if passion's power we still,
Bad astral influence we mitigate—
That by our power o'er the will,
In some degree we conquer fate.

Universal Brotherhood.

WE'RE brothers all, but each in different circuits move—
Some like what others hate—some loathe what others love;
But let us drop all prejudice, and truly feel
We each can do some for the general weal.

Let charity—not sects—pervade the mind,
And every sordid thought be left behind;
Nor let Suspicion's darkening wing
Throw its shade o'er the soul within.
Thus, though far and wide apart we roam,
Each one is traveling to th' ethereal home;
And, as unselfish and brotherly we be,
Sooner we'll reach the power of Deity.

The Dying Adept.

MOURN not for me, although my body fail;
Its feebleness retards my labors bright—
When it decays, my soul-strength will prevail
And carry me to realms of light;
But I'll return, and now I'll tell you where

My soul reborn and pure again will be;
I'll name the family, so you will beware
Where I am born to bless humanity,
And when you see the babe wherein I'll live,‡
Ask for the languages I speak just now;
The tongues all true you'll find 'twill know;
Truth's impress will be on its brow.

* * * *

Farewell! farewell!—mourn not for me,
For I'll return, reborn, to thee;
To teach an ign'rant world I'll come
Back from the glorious spirit home!

‡ It is recorded that a high Hindoo adept, in order to convince some truth-seekers who were skeptical of reincarnation, stated that after his death, he would at a certain time be reborn in a specified family; that then, while still an infant, he would talk in several little known dialects of Thibet, and in other Eastern languages. The skeptics awaited the adept's death, saw the child and heard it speak the dialects and languages mentioned. If absolute proof of this were obtainable, the Theosophic idea of reincarnation would be established; while on the other hand, the Spiritualists might claim it to be a case of "spirit control."

My Southern Love.

"O, human love, thou spirit given,
On earth, of all we hope in heaven."—EDGAR A. POE.

THERE'S a sweet Southern maiden
who lives down the vale,
In a cot 'neath magnolias so fair,
And often I wish'd to tell her the tale
Of a love that for her I did bear.
The garden is full of rarest of flow'rs,
Where the honey bees roam all the day,
But she is the fairest of all the bright
flow'rs,
She charms by her kindness each day.

But ne'ermore shall I stray to that sweet
sunny home,
Though in memory her image will stay,
And I wish her all blessings where'er she
may roam—
My sweet Southern love, far away!

Thought Waves.

"And silent thought my only prayer."—THOS. MOORE.

VIBRATING o'er the mental sea,
Thought waves come incessantly,
Starting—can mortal man tell where?
But far beyond the upper air.
Like sea-shell echoing in caves,
So man echoes bright thought-waves,
And if in harmony he be,
Their echoes bless humanity!

The artist catches thoughts of light
And shade, in colors soft or bright;
Musicians—sound's vibrating tones;
So thought waves, surging on life's sea,
From mind to mind flow ceaselessly.

* * * *

Destiny fulfilling on earth's shore,
Good thoughts be ours for evermore!

Spirit Slate-Writing.

"But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off to a long, long banishment?"—BRYANT.

SPIRIT friends, I opened wide faith's
gate,
And you wrote a message on the slate;
No doubt was there that 'twas from you—
Invisible, departed friends so true!
In many colors your true sentence came;
Your ideas, too, were just the same
As when on earth you stood at my side
And to solve death's mystery you tried.

Ever you're welcome, spirit friend—your
pow'r
Is felt at morn and in the twilight hour.
May many get the power that brings you
here,
To write sweet truths from brightest sphere.

Psychometry.

THERE is a power that in the human mind
Finds lodgment while few think 'tis there—
Psychometry—the hidden it will find,
Tho' obscured from all things bright and clear.
'Tis unlike sight; 'tis feeling clear and true,
And permeates each atom small
That's hid in substance from our view—
Finding what's true and accurate in all.
"Soul-measuring" this newest term implies
And boundless its ever-widening sway,
And as this century unceasing flies,
Psychometry is spreading every day,
Exploring truth's mysterious lore,
That beckons us for evermore!

Heroes of Manila.

YOUR fame will yet be told in story
To children's children of our land—
How you fought for freedom's glory,
In Manila's tropic land!
'Midst the storm of Spanish bullets,
Never faltered one of you—
In the darkness pressing onward,
Each heart to America true!
Waist-deep in the flooded trenches,
You stood the murderous, galling fire
Of the enemy; but the victory
Was all e'en Dewey could desire!
Fallen comrades—how they suffered
Ere the bugle sounded peace;
Ere their wounds could be attended,
Or the cannon's roar could cease!
On shore and in Cavite's harbor,
Americans have fought and won—

Given the Philipinos freedom;
Prison-gates for slaves undone.
Down the ages will go pealing
Dewey's and our soidiers' fame;
For they brought God-given freedom
When to Manila's shore they came.

The St. Joseph Lily.

Sweet lily fair, thy odor sweet
Floats on the air as we pass by;
Thy blossoms, dropped just at our feet,
Seem to have fallen from the sky.
Most emblematic flow'r you are—
Speaking of noble purity,
Telling of spheres that, like the stars,
Rise for man in futurity.

Adepts of India.

YE WONDROUS souls, who on fair
mountain heights reside,
Away from cities where vile pow'rs pre-
side,
Whose thought—unselfish, pure—is there
unfurled,
Ye look in pity on an ignorant world!
And yet ye help the race to tread
The path of wisdom and, instead
Of glittering wealth, to here pursue
The knowledge that fades not from view.
True, ye have powers of miracle at hand,
And pre-eminently wise ye stand,
Yet teach that truth's the highest goal,
And the most wondrous for the human
soul.
In emulation of your course divine,
May we seek truth, and sin resign.

Divine Art of Music.

WHAT most charms us in a lonely hour?
'Tis music's wondrous soothing power,
That bids our every care away,
And turns our "mental night" to day!
Sound, well combined, charms the ear,
Just as soft words our hearts endear.
When far away in valleys wide,
Where nature's peace seems to abide,
Music's a friend who'll ne'er forsake,
But ever raptures sweet awake.

Who has not seen, in busy street,
Amid the throng's swift-moving feet,
A sound of music turn their glance,
And cause each palpitating heart to dance?

If music which on earth we hear
Is sweet—what of the heavenly sphere?
In other worlds how grand must be
This science—music—harmony!

Where Love Abides.

TELL me where does love reside—
In the heart or in the brain—
Or does it roam in the red blood tide
That courses through our every vein?
Invisible to us he comes,
But more real than life itself;
In quest of victims e'er he roams—
Defying ev'ry power—e'en pelf.
Cupid truly throws his arrow
Where most harm it sure will do—
To some brings joy, to others sorrow,
And death itself to not a few.

Star of the Morning.

STAR of the morning, whose lucid ray
Lights the lone wand'rer on the earth way,
How fair is thy light o'er mountain and sea,—

Star of the morning, I sing now of thee.

Orb of the morning, thy glorious beams
Fall o'er the valleys, the hills and the streams—
They fall on the happy, the sorrowing, too,
Who're often so lost to humanity's view!

Star of the morning, emblem so bright,
Telling that there is hope in the night—
In the night of earth sorrow, O weary one, see
Hope's message from Deity sent unto thee.

Star of the morning, roseate is thy hue,
For the blazing bright sun flashes now in our view—
But the hope thou hast given, star-gem so bright,
Was as glorious then as the sun now is bright.

To a Departed Spirit.

"What could there be more purely bright!"—EDGAR A. POE.

DEAR soul of love, back from heav'n's isles
You've come to me all wreathed in smiles;
Surprised me with your looks of love,
Borne from the glowing realms above.
Your footstep's missed upon the stair—
Your soft blue eyes and flowing hair;
Thy white rose blooms, but not for thee—
A stranger hand now tends the tree!
A rose yourself, Heav'n took away
The one He could not spare to-day!
You said the words, "Such love as ours
Ne'er can be severed"—heavenly pow'rs
Grant us that hope our souls to bless,
Until we meet in blessedness!

Clairvoyance.

O MYSTIC sight that scans the realms within,

And everything on earth can measure,
That can discern between the right and sin;
That can discover hidden treasure—
Thou art a power that can assist mankind
To far advance and individualize,
And, leaving error's methods far behind,
To wisdom's nobler heights arise!
If they who have thy light their duty do,
And to the truth alone adhere,
Thy pow'r they ceaseless should pursue,
Divesting life's mysteries of fear;
But if with selfish purposes they seek,
Better the power should vanish like the night—
For all power without truth is weak;
Truth is life's everlasting light.

Is Reincarnation True?

AND is it true that souls come back again
To live again in fading human form?

Do they return to earth with weary feet,
Life's lessons here to learn complete?
It may be so, and wise ones say indeed 'tis so—
If now we learn not wisdom's starry way,
Again on earth we'll wander to and fro.
Howe'er it be, they say unselfishness shall be
The pow'r to raise us to that happy sphere
Where, evermore so strong and free,
The spirit conquers rebirth here.

Sweet Peas.

MOST delicate gems of the garden,
Whose perfume is sweetest of sweet,
Thou'rt emblems of joy in perfection,
That last but a moment so fleet.

When summer-wind blows o'er thy petals,
Ah! quickly they're faded away,
And, like joys 'neath the power of hatred,
They are gone from our life's little day;

And may thy sweet bloom be a lesson
To prize what's refined true and fair—
To treasure immortality's blossoms,
So glorious, undying and rare.

Cathode Ray.

O WONDROUS ray, that through dense substance shines,
The Nineteenth century has thy power found—
Brilliant achievement of those patient minds
Who've studied out thy laws profound!

Yet other laws, as subtle and as great,
Remain, inventive souls to explore;
They yet shall find, invent, anew create,
To bless humanity for evermore.

Spiritual Inspiration.

LIKE sunshine of morning that opens the flow'r
And makes it bloom fresh for the day,
So sweet inspiration's the glorious pow'r
That chases life's shadows away!

To the poor, to the rich, to sick, and to well,
If they're earnest, it falls at their feet;
In city, on mountain, on ocean, in dell,
Its soul-music is constant and sweet.

Souls of the angels with us ever abide
To touch inspiration's deep spring;
Through doors of the heart how easy they glide
When they see faith is waiting within !

Heroine of the Baldwin Theatre Fire.

[During the conflagration at the Baldwin Theatre and the hotel adjoining, on the night of Nov. 23, 1898, many acts of great heroism were performed. Miss K. Richardson, while surrounded by fire in a room on the sixth floor, fastened a rope to a bedpost, lowered three other women in safety, and then made the terrible descent herself, narrowly escaping death.]

IN THE blazing ruins stood she—
Heroine of the Baldwin fire;
High at window of sixth story—
Flames around her leaping higher.

The thought of saving others kept her
In those moments of dispair;
Kept her heart in courage beating,
At that room high in the air.

With the rope by friend bequeathed her,
She three others lives did save—
Self forgetting in that moment
When duty called her to be brave!

Soon the smoke, herself o'ercoming,
Drove her from the room on high,
And on the ledge her form, illumined,
Seemed a speck up in the sky!

Hearts below prayed for her safety,
As the rope she tightly held;
Trembled when she swung thro' embers—
Breathless every swing beheld!

Joy! She safely reached the pavement!
Wild cheers rent the lurid air;
Carried to a place of safety—
The bravest heroine 'mong the fair.

Lovers at Twilight.

(Obtainable in music form at Mauvais', S. F.)

THEY met at twilight when day's care was o'er,
When the wavelets beat softly against the lake shore,
And the hush of the evening invited sweet rest,
And the sun's parting rays just lightened the west.

"Rest, dear heart, rest!"

Loop on Mill Valley Railway, Near Mount Tamalpais.

Soft o'er the waters comes music so sweet—
How the strange echoes repeat and repeat:
"Meet me at twilight when day's care is o'er,
And the wavelets beat softly against the lake shore!"

Now o'er the dim waters a boat glides along;
Listen, oh, listen! tis moving with song—
The song of true lovers; how sweetly they sing,
As their boat lightly speeds, like bird on the wing.

They've met in the twilight—thrice happy the hour,
When Cupid's abroad in the full of his pow'r;
They're sailing away, with hope beating high—
Now lost to view 'neath the star-beaming sky!

Rest, dear heart, rest! you're the one I adore;
Murmur your thoughts as they rise in your breast,
Twilight is fading—we're far from the shore;
Happy with thee, my love evermore.

Aloha! Sister Hawaii!

(Admitted to the American Republic, 1898.)

"ALOHA, Aloha!" fair sister, Hawaii;
We welcome thine isles of the sapphire sea,
Where the graceful palm grows and soft wind blows;
Aloha!—we welcome thee; now thou art free.

Thy true sons no more shall pine so lonely—
The arm of the Union encircles thee 'round;
Peace—love—America wishes thee only;
Prosperity dawns with liberty's sound.

Aloha ! Aloha !* thy fame's known in story—
Kilauea, throne of Goddess Pele;
Oahu, the isle where thy Kings reigned in glory—
Aloha ! Aloha ! A welcome to thee !

Soldier-Boy's Reverie.

THERE's a fond mother's blessing that e'er follows me,
Wherever on earth I may go—
Tho' I travel afar by the land or by sea,
Through the tropics or over the snow.

She blessed me parting—to the war I would go—
And in memory her smile cheers me still;
While on life's rough pathway always I know
Her blessing my life e'er will fill.

At the gate, parting, the tears filled her eyes
(For tender are mothers, and true),

*Aloha, in the Hawaiian tongue, means "welcome."

And softly and silent her bosom heaved sighs
As her boy passed away from her view;

And back once again she called me to get
Just another fond glance then from me;
I fold her then, "O ne'er must you fret,
For I'll write to you over the sea."

The months came and went, and I never returned
To the mother whose heart beat so true,
And a deep thought of her within my heart burned,
Although she was absent from view.

One day there came news—ah! saddest indeed—
Her spirit had flown to its rest;
But her blessing still follows me—love cannot recede,
Though her soul flies to scenes of the blest.

Forgiveness.

FORGIVE your fellow-mortals
When wrong of you they say;
The time will come they'll know
They spoke in error's way.

Old Oak Tree.

(Obtainable in musical form at Mauvais', S. F.)

THERE'S an old oak tree that grows near by,
Down by a silvery stream,
And it looks so pretty 'neath the clear blue sky,
Down where the waters gleam;

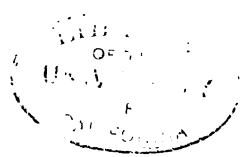
Where I often stray 'neath the sun's glad ray,
And watch the birds that fly
From the leaves of the pretty old oak tree
To the little glen near by.

Its branches fair all reflected are
In the icy stream below,
And its gnarled old trunk bears many a scar,
While around it the wild flow'rs grow.

The children play 'neath the oak each day—
Many tales of glee it could tell;
And soft winds blow where grasses grow,
And the old oak's green for aye!

* * * * *

Farewell, old oak! where on many a day
I've sat by the flow'r-bordered stream—
You've charmed a care from a life away,
Down where the waters gleam!



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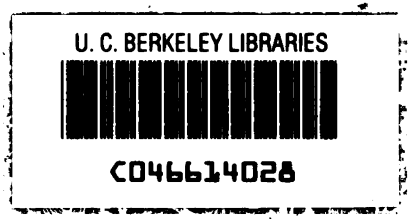

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